



FEATURE

COMICS

JULY



THE DOLL MAN



RUSTY RYAN



MICKEY FINN



BLIMPIE

-GILL FOX-



No. 69 10¢

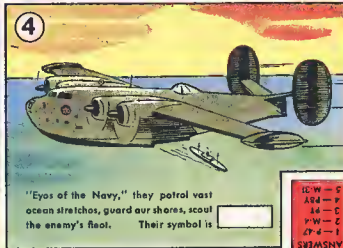
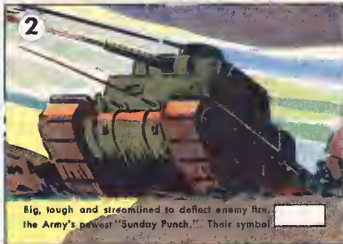
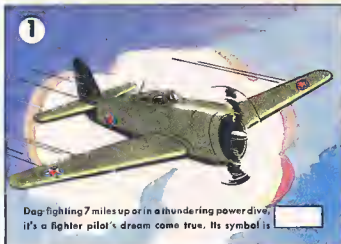


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HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.

P-47 M-4 PBV M-31 PT



ICW - S
ASD - P
44 - C
PW - E
LP - 4 - 1
SWSMSNY



The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision
Equipment by **Bendix**
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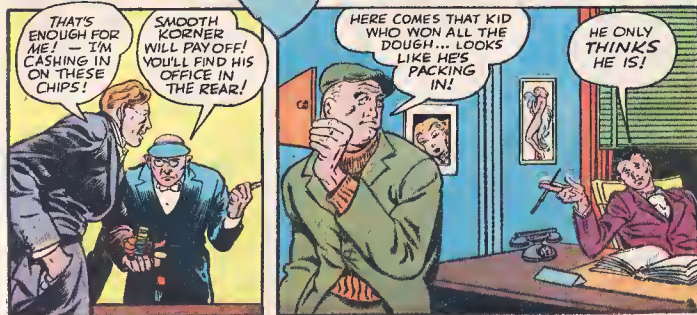
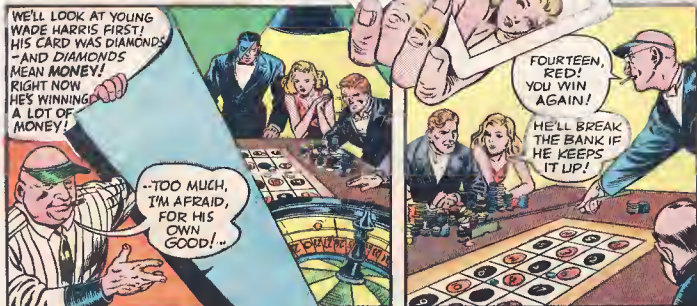
ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

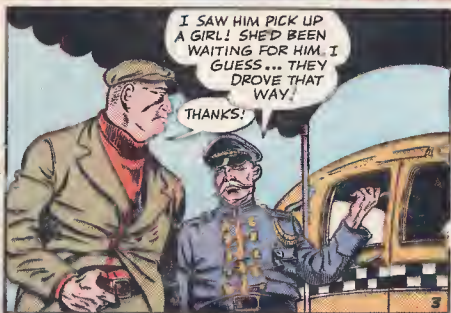
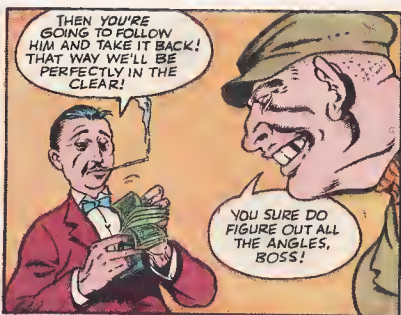
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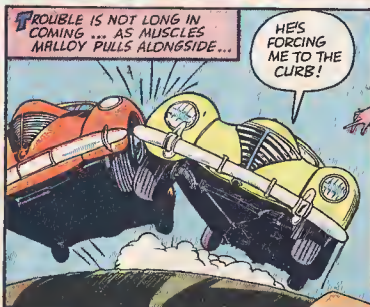
The DOLL MAN

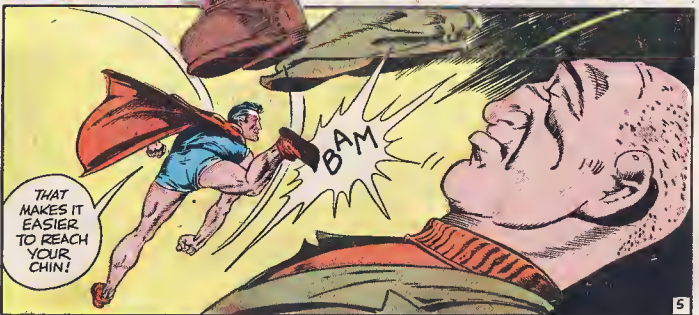
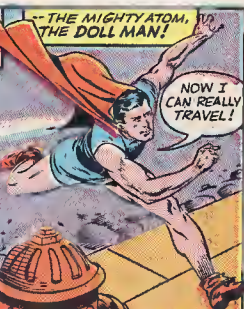


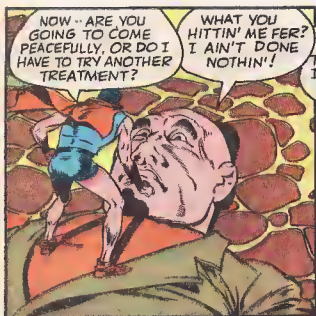
AN ACE-HIGH STRAIGHT WITH
THE JOKER WILD -- PLENTY
WILD!!!
AN ACE OF SPADES, A KING OF
DIAMONDS, A QUEEN OF HEARTS
AND A JACK OF CLUBS!...
BUT HOW DOES THE DOLL MAN
WIN AGAINST A MARKED DECK
IN "FATE DEALT THE
CARDS"???











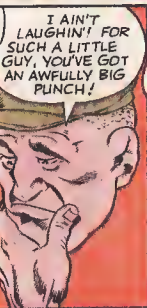
WHAT YOU HITTIN' ME FER? I AIN'T DONE NOthin'!

THAT ALIBI WON'T WORK! I SAW YOU DELIBERATELY FORCE THAT CAR TO CRASH! AND I'LL GET THE YOUNG MAN WHO DROVE IT TO ACT AS A WITNESS!

THAT'LL BE A GOOD TRICK IF YOU CAN FIND HIM!



HO-HO-HO! WHAT NOW, LITTLE PEANUT? YOU'RE BEATEN!



I AIN'T LAUGHIN'! FOR SUCH A LITTLE GUY, YOU'VE GOT AN AWFULLY BIG PUNCH!



LATER... DARREL DANE IS VISITING THE HOME OF DR. ROBERTS...

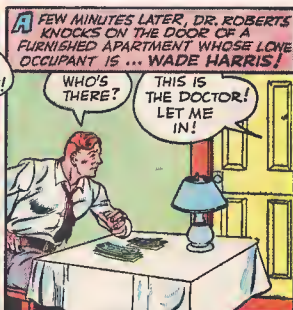
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT YOUNG MAN RAN AWAY--HE COULD HAVE HAD THAT GORILLA ARRESTED!

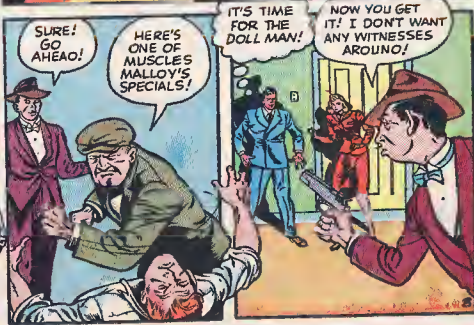
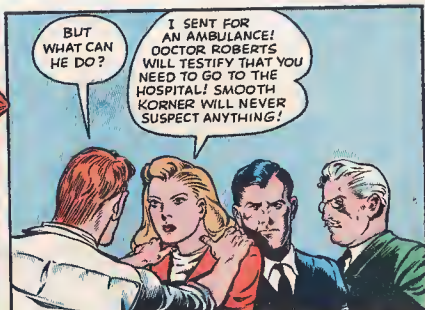
PROBABLY HE WAS MORE INTERESTED IN MAKING HIS ESCAPE!



I FELT PRETTY FOOLISH, CALLING THE POLICE! THERE WASN'T ANYBODY BUT YOU THERE WHEN THEY ARRIVED!

THAT'S WHAT WE GET FOR TRYING TO PLAY GOOD SAMARITANS!





THE CLICK OF A
LIGHT SWITCH
AND THE ROOM IS
PLUNGED INTO
TOTAL DARKNESS!

HEY!
WHAT
TH'--!

LOOK OUT!
THAT LITTLE GUY'S
DYNAMITE!

YOUR PAL'S NOT
EXAGGERATING!

SOCKO!

MAYBE
HE EVEN
UNDER-
ESTIMATED
ME A
LITTLE!

KARASH!

DON'T WORRY!
I HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT
YOU!

STAY
AWAY FROM
ME!



FRANTICALLY TRYING TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE DYNAMIC DOLL MAN, MUSCLES MALLOY TIPS A HEAVY BOOKCASE TOWARD HIM!...



COME ON, SMOOTH! WE GOT THE DOUGH! LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS!

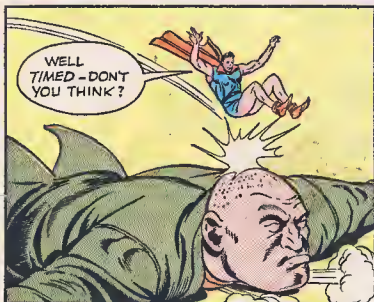
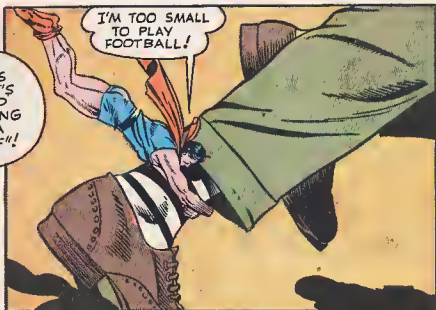


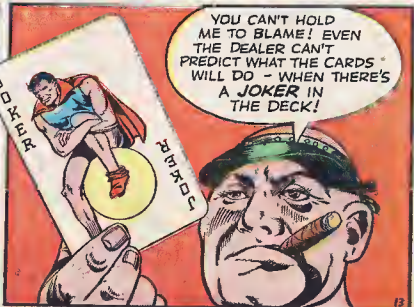
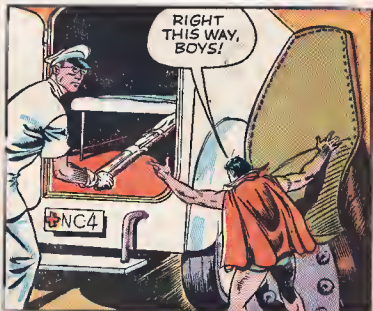
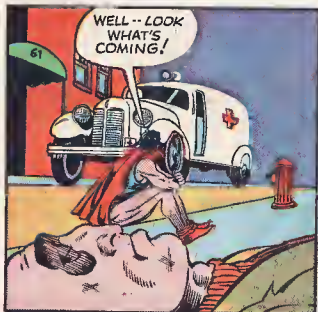
AS THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THE FLEEING CROOKS...

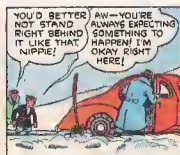
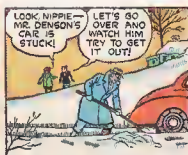




THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED "RUNNING LIKE A THIEF"!

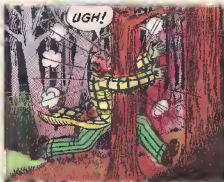
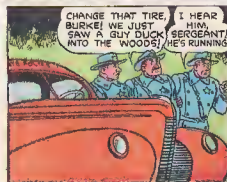
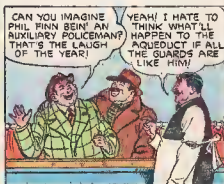
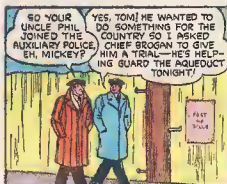






MICKEY FINN

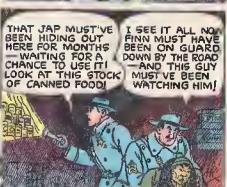
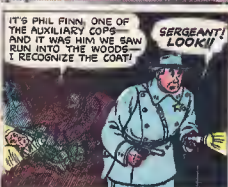
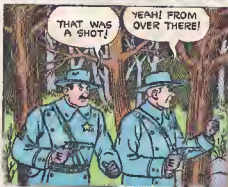
By LANK LEONARD

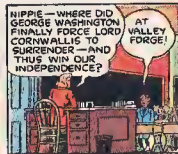
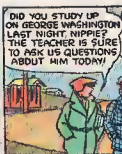




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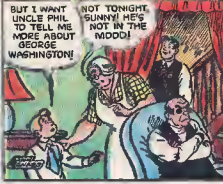
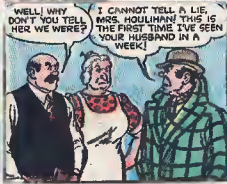
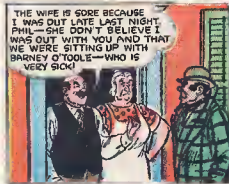
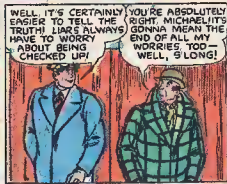
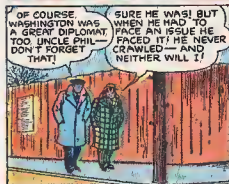
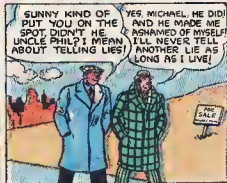
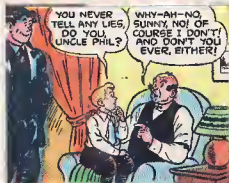
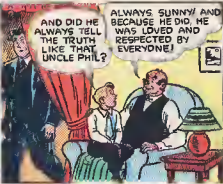
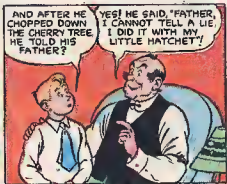
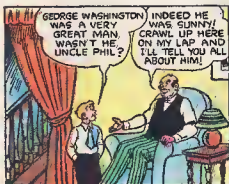
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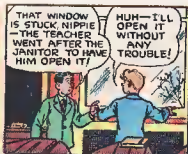




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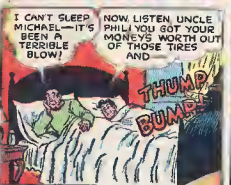
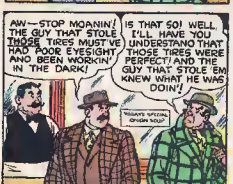
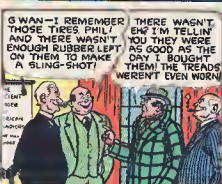
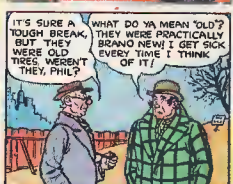
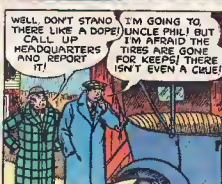
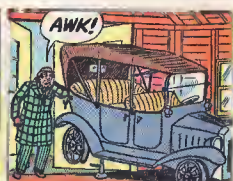
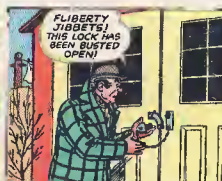
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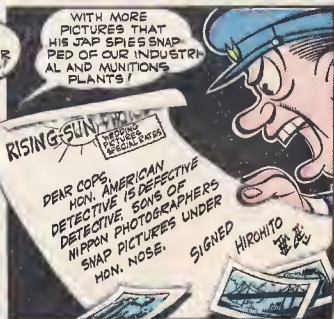
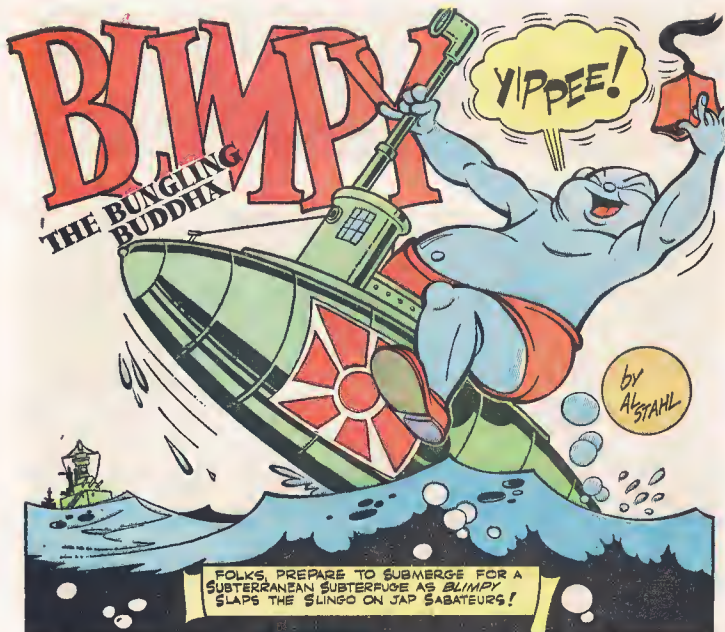


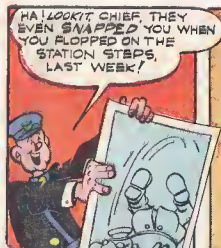


MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD







HA! LOOK! CHIEF, THEY
EVEN SNAPPED YOU WHEN
YOU FLOPPED ON THE
STATION STEPS,
LAST WEEK!



GET OUT! YAMOOSE!
PULL ANOTHER GAGON
ME AND BACK YA GO
TO THE BOWERY
BEAT!

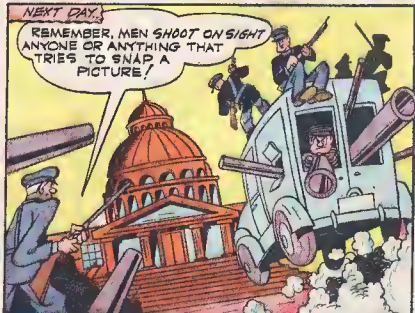
EVERY DAY IT'S THE
SAME THING... JAP
SNAPPERS TAKING
PICTURES EVERY-
WHERE, AN' NO
SIGNS OF 'EM!

I'M THE LAUGH
OF THE WHOLE
POLICE FORCE!

G!
MAN!!



JUST LET
THEM TRY THEIR
STUNTS TOMORROW-
I'LL HAVE THE
WHOLE POLICE FORCE
GUARD THE PAYROLL
TRUCK!



NEXT DAY

REMEMBER, MEN SHOOT ON SIGHT
ANYONE OR ANYTHING THAT
TRIES TO SNAP A
PICTURE!



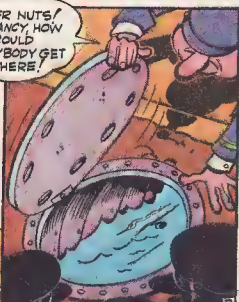
GULP!

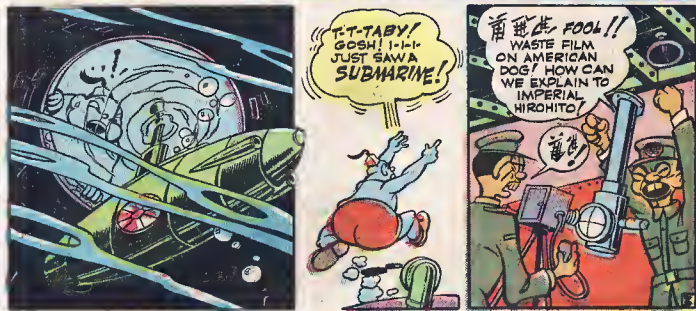
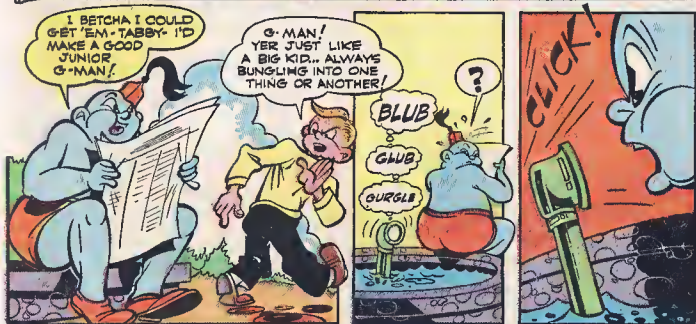
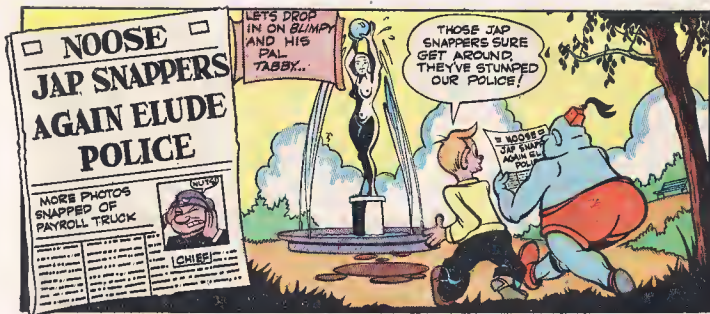
CLICK

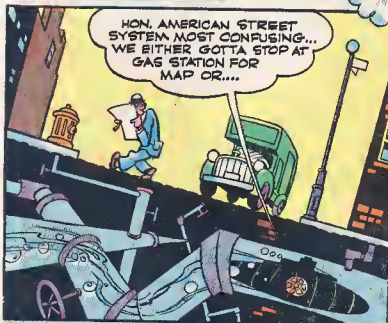
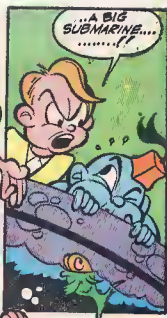
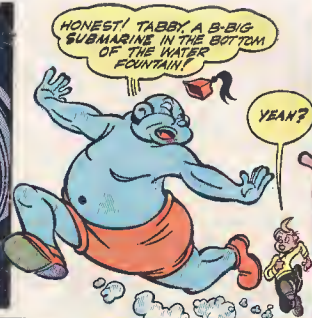
HEY-CHIEF! T-T-THE
MANHOLE COVER! I
THINK IT'S
THE JAP
SNAPPERS!

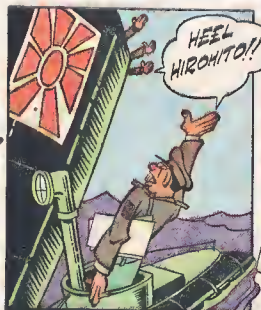


YER NUTS!
CLANCY HOW
COULD
ANYBODY GET
IN HERE!









HEEL
HIROHITO!!



HON. SON OF
NIPPON BRING
PICTURES OF
HON. AMERICAN
PLANTS!

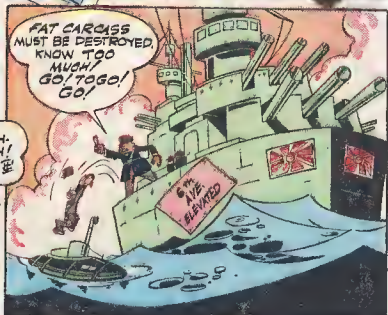


FOR GREAT
SERVICE... TOGO
GET IMPERIAL
MEDAL OF
RISING SUN
AND EXTRA
POUND OF
RICE!



WHAT MEANS
HON. FAT STUFF
PICTURE!

OH-OH!

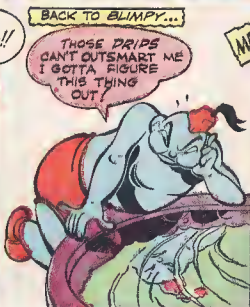


FAT CARCISS
MUST BE DESTROYED,
KNOW TOO
MUCH!
GO! TOGO!
GO!

GIVE ME
BLEVATED

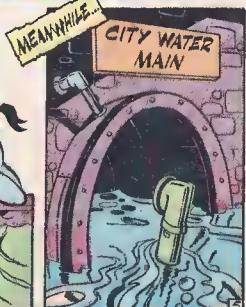


TOGO KNOW
WHAT HAPPEN
IF NO SUCCEED!!



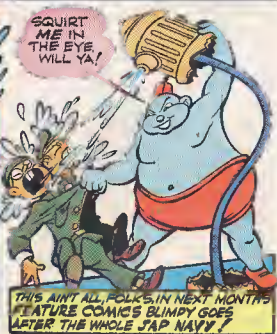
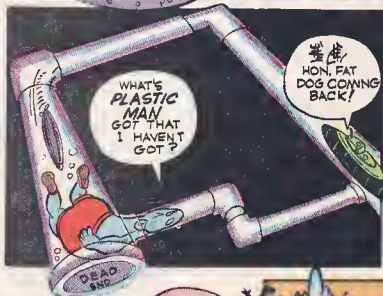
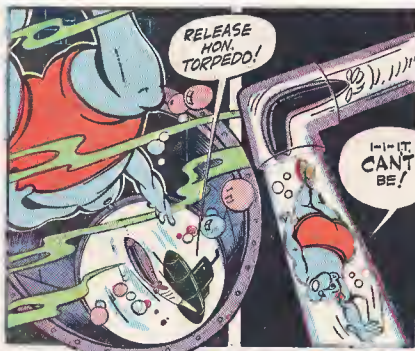
BACK TO BLIMPY...

THOSE DRIPS
CAN'T OUTSMART ME
I GOTTA FIGURE
THIS THING
OUT!



MEANWHILE...

CITY WATER
MAIN

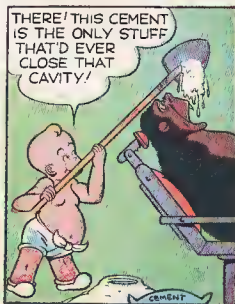
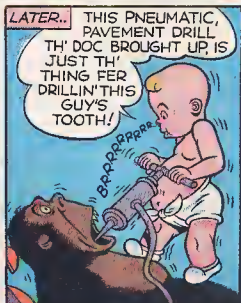
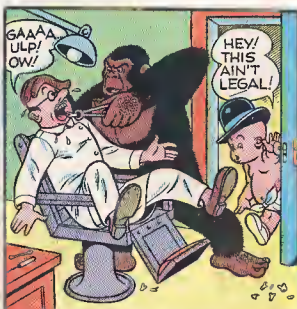
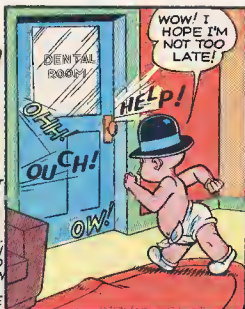


THIS AINT ALL, FOLKS. IN NEXT MONTH'S
FEATURE COMICS BLIMPY GOES
AFTER THE WHOLE JAP NAVY!

POISON IVY

by GILL FOX

POISON'S DENTIST HAS TO PULL A TOOTH FROM A GORILLA SENT TO HIM BY THE ZOO. HE'S ASKED POISON TO COME OVER AND HELP. WE FIND POISON JUST ARRIVING AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE





FRANK M. BORTH
Feature

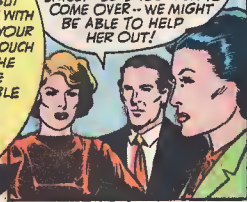
The SPIDER WIDOW

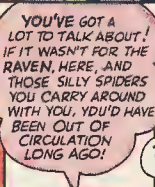
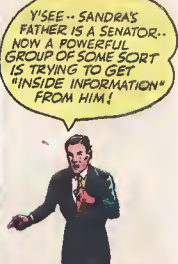
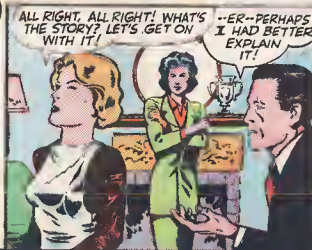
RAVEN!
WHO IS THAT
WOMAN?!!

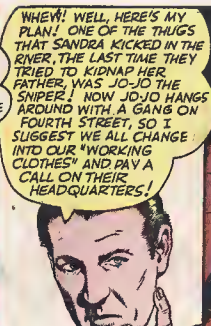
HERE'S THE RAVEN, FOLKS, AND HAS HE GOT HIS HANDS FULL! Y'SEE, THE RAVEN IS A BUDDY OF THE SPIDER WIDOW (THE FLYING TIGRESS ON YOUR LEFT), BUT HE'S BEEN HAVING SOME ADVENTURES WITH THE PHANTOM LADY (THE P-40 ON YOUR RIGHT)... NOW THE RAVEN IS NO SLOUCH WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING WITH THE HEART FLUTTERS, SO YOU CAN SEE HE'S IN FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE WITH THE TWO

'FIGHTINGEST' GALS
IN THE HISTORY
OF COMIC
BOOKS!

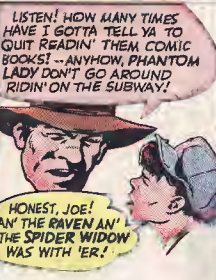
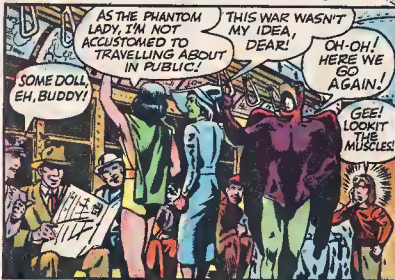
WHY - ER, DIANNE - THIS IS MISS SANDRA KNIGHT. I - UH - BUMPED INTO HER OVER AT POLICE COMICS, THE OTHER DAY AND, WELL, SHE'S BEEN HAVING A LOT OF TROUBLE LATELY - SO I TOLD HER TO COME OVER - WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP HER OUT!





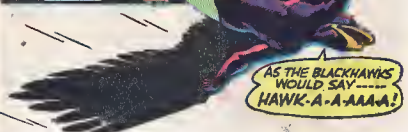
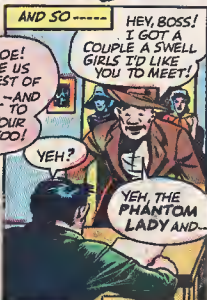


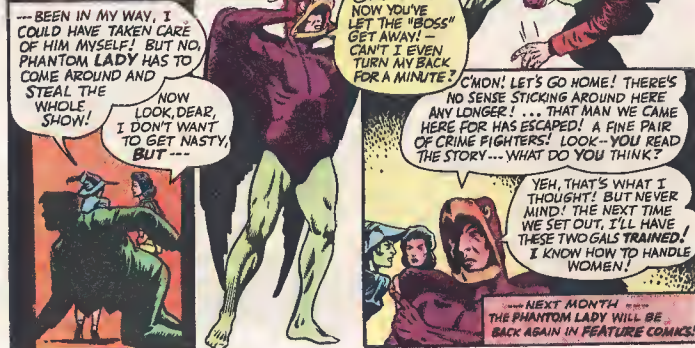
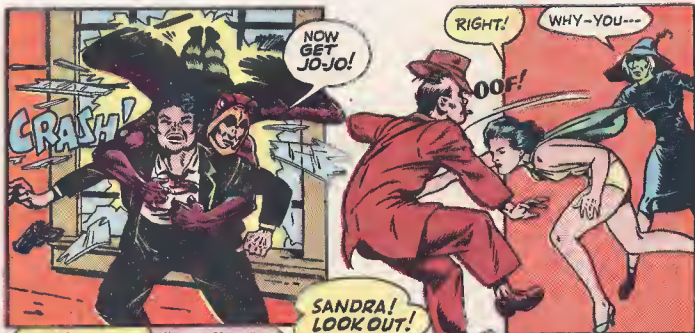
THUS IT IS THAT, TEN MINUTES LATER, THE RAVEN, THE SPIDER WIDOW AND THE PHANTOM LADY ARE SEEN GOING DOWNTOWN -- TOWARD "4TH" STREET.

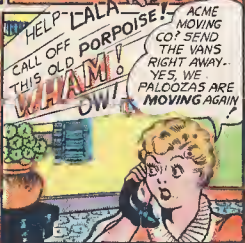
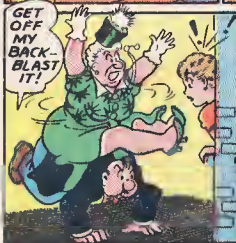
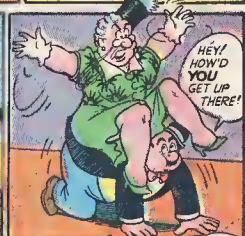
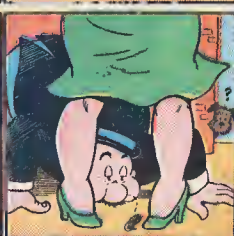
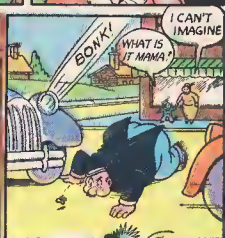
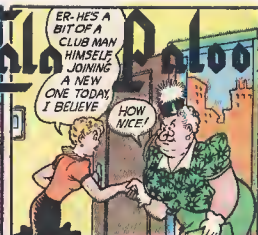


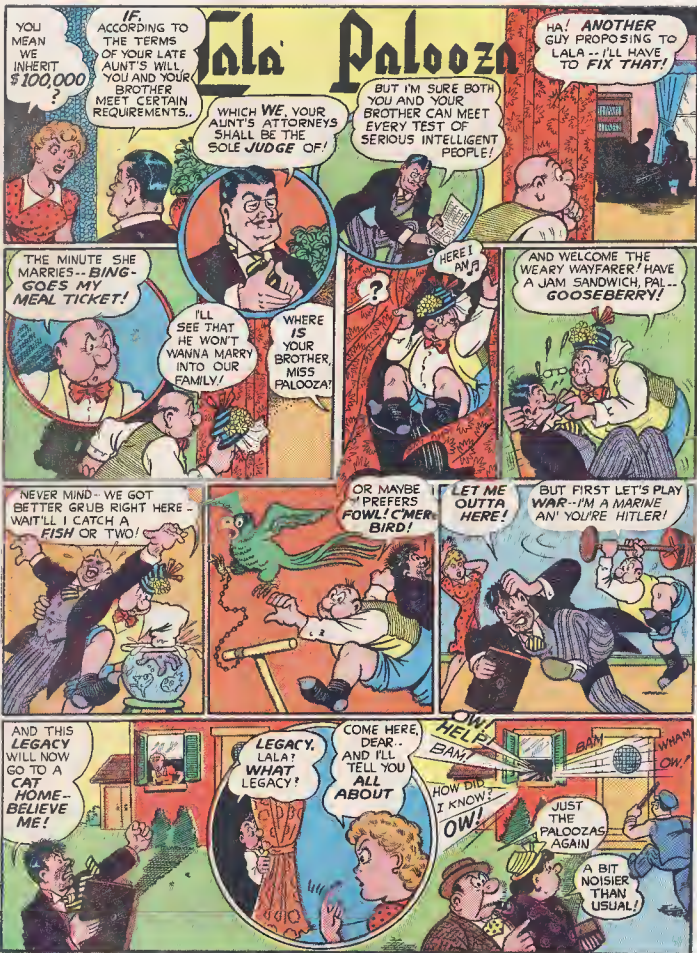


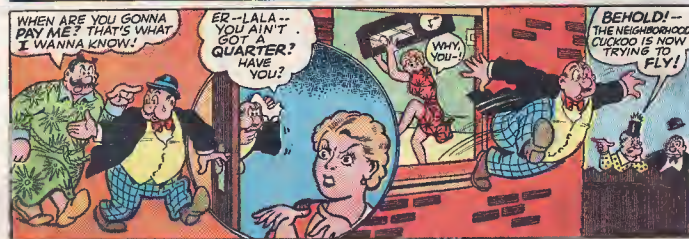
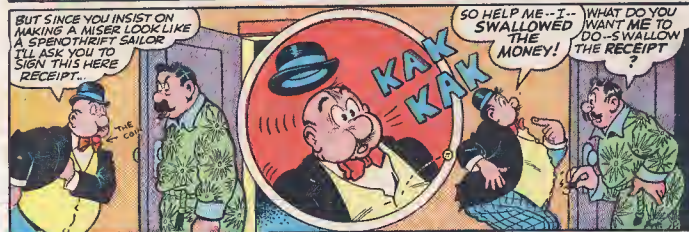
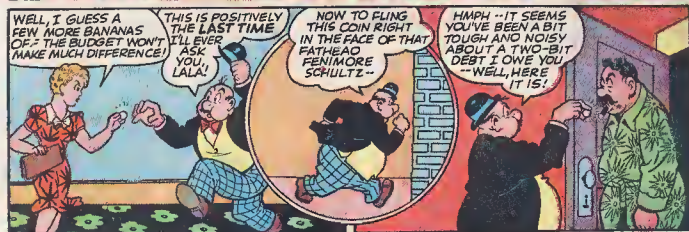
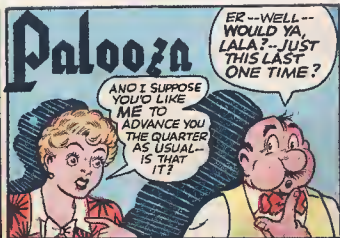
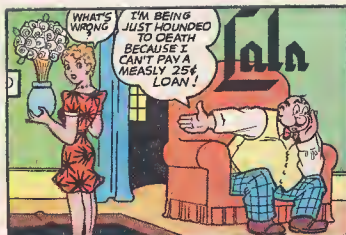
A FEW MOMENTS MORE AND JO-JO IS-- WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!...











HENDERSON FIELD,
GUADALCANAL, SOLOMON
ISLANDS... ONE BRIGHT
DAY IN JUNE...



HI, LANDLUBBER! HERE'S THE
SBD YOU WANTED TO DELIVER
THAT PACKAGE TO CHINA... IT
MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT!

HI, SPIN...YEP!...IT"
IS!... AND YOU'RE TO
DELIVER IT,
SAILOR!



...AND HERE "IT" IS! CHINA'S FIRST
LADY!! MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK!

HELLO, CAPTAIN
SHAW! I HAVE
NOT SEEN YOU
FOR SO LONG
A TIME!

MADAME CHIANG!
WELL! THIS IS
ONE TIME I'LL
BE DELIGHTED
TO PLAY
DELIVERY BOY!



CAPT. SPIN SHAW

Rex Smith

AT DUSK THAT DAY, THE POWERFUL
PLANE WITH ITS PRECIOUS CARGO,
GRACEFULLY ROARS INTO THE BLUE...



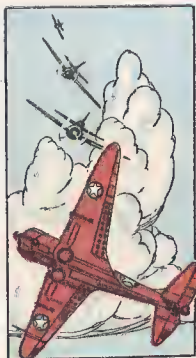
WITHOUT
INCIDENT, IT
SPEEDS THROUGH
THE NIGHT, OVER
THE PACIFIC AND
THEN AT DAWN
OVER JAPANESE-
HELD CHINA...



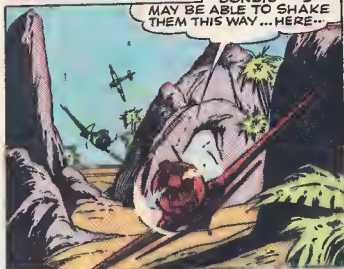
IT'S GOING TO BE
A BEAUTIFUL DAY...
LOOK! WE'RE ALMOST
OVER CHINESE TERRITORY
NOW -- AND SAFE!

NOT YET!...
OH-OH! DON'T
LOOK NOW, BUT
I THINK WE
HAVE VISITORS!

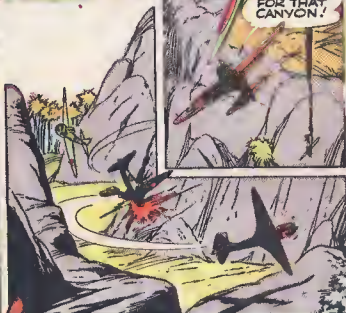




HANG ON!-I'M GOING TO DIVE FOR THAT CANYON!



I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF FIGHTING IT OUT WITH THOSE BONZIS --- I MAY BE ABLE TO SHAKE THEM THIS WAY ...HERE...

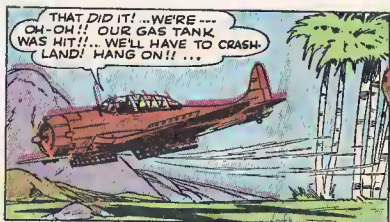


I GOT ONE! NOW IF I CAN ... ULP!! ...WHO PLANTED THOSE TREES THERE?!



P- PLEASE! CAPTAIN SHAW!! MY HEART! WHEW! SPIN!! LOOK!!! THE LAST PLANE CRACKED UP!!





MY GOODNESS, SPIN!! THAT WAS QUITE A RIDE!! YOU MADE THAT LANDING BEAUTIFULLY ... I WAS HARDLY SHAKEN UP!!

A MERE NOTHING, M'LADY!! I DO THOSE ALL THE TIME!!



SIX HOURS LATER ... TIRED INSECT-BITTEN AND HOT THE COUPLE PUSH ON THROUGH THE JUNGLE...

MEANWHILE....

BUSHIDO! ... AMERICAN CAUSE SHIGO TO CRASH ... LOSE FACE!



SHIGO MUST AVENGE SELF AND HONORABLE ANCESTORS! WILL FIND MAN ... AND KILL! KILL!! BANZAI!!!



MAKE STOP!! NO MOVE OR SHIGO SHOOT! ... YOU DIE, YES?? HSSSSSS...



OH! WE'VE FAILED! ... WE'VE FAILED! ... (SPIN - DON'T MOVE!! LEAVE THIS TO ME!!)



WHY YOU WHISPER?? ... AH
SA!! ... CHIANG!! BANZAI!!
BANZAI!! ... IS GLORIOUS
DAY!! 榮幸!!



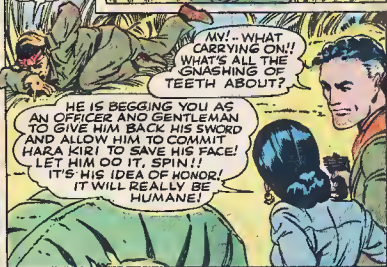
... BUT DIRTY!! ... SPIN!
NOW!



HO-HO!! ... YOU'RE COOKIN' WITH
GAS!! HERE'S WHERE I TEACH A NIP-
PUP SOME NIP-UPS!!



我!! 榮幸!!
美哉!!



MY!! ... WHAT
CARRYING ON!!
WHAT'S ALL THE
GNASHING OF
TEETH ABOUT?

HE IS BEGGING YOU AS
AN OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN
TO GIVE HIM BACK HIS SWORD
AND ALLOW HIM TO COMMIT
HARA KIRI TO SAVE HIS FACE!
LET HIM DO IT, SPIN!!
IT'S HIS IDEA OF HONOR!
IT WILL REALLY BE
HUMANE!

WELL ... OKAY! ...
HERE, BONZI ...
GO AHEAD, IF
YOU HAVE THE
NERVE!!



.... NO! WILL NOT DO!!
SHIGO LIKE LIVE!... WILL BE
PRISONER AMERICAN!... GET
PLENTY FOOD!... LIKE
MUCH!



YOU POOR COWARD! YOU DONT
HAVE THAT MUCH-TALKED-OF
COURAGE, AFTER ALL! WELL...
REMEMBER! BEHAVE, OR
ELSE!!
YES!! SHIGO BEHAVE!

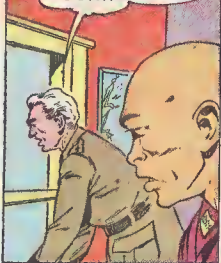


FOUR DAYS LATER... AT
CHINESE HEADQUARTERS
IN CHUNGKING...

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE,
GENERAL CHIANG!...
THEY MAY SHOW UP
YET!... AH, YES...
PERHAPS...
PERHAPS...



WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE
OUTSIDE?... LISTEN!!...
GENERAL CHIANG! COME!
LOOK!!



IT'S SPIN SHAW!!... HE HAS
MADAME CHIANG--AND
HE'S BRINGING A JAP
PRISONER! THEY'RE
SAFE!!...
SAFE!!



大
事!
大
事!

TELL GENERAL CHIANG... CAPTAIN...
SPIN... SHAW...
REPORTS!



THE NEXT DAY...
HELLO, SISSY!... STILL
IN BED??

GOOD
MORNING!... YEP!...
DOC SAYS I GOTTA PLAY
SICK!!!



CAPTAIN--PERHAPS YOU DONT KNOW
HOW GREAT A SERVICE YOU'VE DONE!
BESIDES RESCUING ME, YOU ALSO
SAVED THE COMPLETE PLANS FOR
LEAD-LEASE SHIPMENTS WHICH I
HAD! ALL CHINA IS
GRATEFUL--TRULY
GRATEFUL!

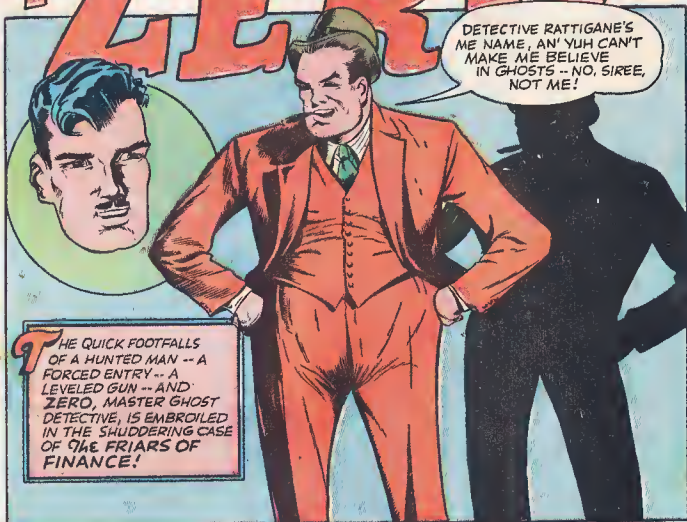


大
事!
大
事!
大
事!
大
事!

HUH?... OH, YEAH!
YEAH!... THANKS!



ZERO



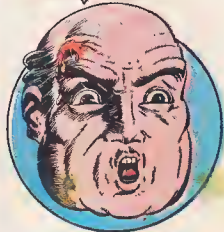
A DOOR IS SLOWLY OPENED. A BLOOD-DRENCHED HAND LEVELS A WAVING AUTOMATIC AT ZERO'S HEAD!



QUICK! PUT UP YOUR HANDS! I MUST HAVE A PLACE TO HIDE! THE COPS ARE AFTER ME! THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ---



THE BLUNDERING FOOLS DON'T UNDERSTAND, SO I, STERLING GATE, THE FINANCIER, AM BEING HUNTED AS A MURDERER!



HE'S FAINTED!
HE'S BEEN SHOT!
WHAT A STRANGE
THING TO SAY --
"THEY DON'T BELIEVE
IN GHOSTS"!



**ZERO REVIVES THE
WOUNDED FINANCIER!...**

HERE, LET ME
PUT THIS BANDAGE
ON -- NOW, MY
NAME'S ZERO --
PERHA ----

ZERO?
YOU'RE
ZERO?
THEN, LISTEN
TO ME! PLEASE
LISTEN!



RATTIGANE -- HE'S A
DETECTIVE -- THINKS I KILLED
DELVIN, BUT I DIDN'T!
MARTIN BRAND DID -- HE'S
BEEN DEAD A YEAR! DON'T
LET THE POLICE GET ME,
ZERO! I BEG YOU!
I'M RICH! -- I'LL
PAY YOU
WELL!



LOOK, PAL! I DON'T NEED
YOUR DOUGH! -- NOW GIVE
ME THE FACTS -- BUT SHOOT
STRAIGHT WITH ME -- AND
THEN MAYBE I CAN ---



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

THE DOOR --
THE POLICE --
ARE HERE!

YES,
RATTIGANE!
WHAT IS
IT?

SAY, MISTER,
HAVE Y -- WELL,
IF IT AIN'T ZERO
-- THE HOUSE
HAUNTER
HIMSELF!
HA-HA-
HA!



LISTEN, DRACULA!
IS TOO BAD I
DISTURBED YOUR
SLEEP! YOU PROBABLY
WAS CHASING
FRANKENSTEEN --
BUT YOU SEEN A
FAT OLD GUY ON
THE LOOSE 'ROUND
HERE, EH?

NOPE!



NO, RATTIGANE!
AS YOU KNOW, I
SPECIALIZE ONLY
IN GHOSTS!



GOOD NIGHT!

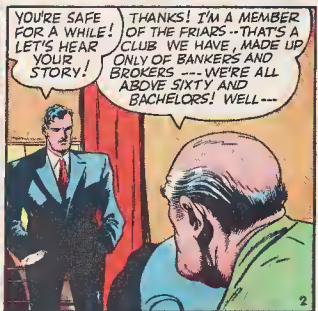
BANG

HUH?
WELL, OF
ALL THE --!



YOU'RE SAFE
FOR A WHILE!
LET'S HEAR
YOUR
STORY!

THANKS! I'M A MEMBER
OF THE FRIARS -- THAT'S A
CLUB WE HAVE, MADE UP
ONLY OF BANKERS AND
BROKERS --- WE'RE ALL
ABOVE SIXTY AND
BACHELORS! WELL---



WE ADOPTED THE COSTUME OF THE OLD-TIME FRIARS FOR OUR MEETINGS! AND LATELY, WE'VE ALL GONE IN FOR THE STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM---

I SEE! HMMM... GO AHEAD, MR. GATE!

WELL, LAST YEAR, MARTIN BRAND, OUR PRESIDENT, SUDDENLY DIED! THE MEMBERS DECIDED TO TRY TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HIS SPIRIT-- SINCE WE WERE ALL OLD-- AND CURIOUS ABOUT OUR OWN NEARING DEATHS!

YES--?

WE TRIED AND TRIED... BUT ALWAYS WE FAILED! THAT IS, UNTIL THE DAY JOHN PELVIN-- OUR FINANCIAL SECRETARY-- ARRIVED AT A MEETING AND BREATHLESSLY TOLD US HE'D BEEN SUCCESSFUL---

IT WAS TRUE! IT WAS HORRIBLY TRUE! -- AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE FRIARS, PELVIN AGAIN CONTACTED THE GHOST OF MARTIN BRAND -- AND --- OH! IT WAS GHASTLY!... JOHN PELVIN LET OUT A SCREAM -- AND FELL DEAD!

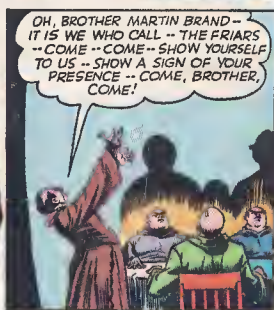
SO THAT'S IT, EH?

HMMM-- GATE! -- TAKE ME TO THE NEXT MEETING OF THE FRIARS!

NEXT DAY...
...AS THE FRIARS CLUB GOES INTO SESSION...
ALL RIGHT, BROTHERS, PLEASE BE SEATED!

ALL THE BROTHER FRIARS ARE PRESENT -- BROTHERS, LET US SAY A PRAYER FOR OUR DEAD! ALL TOGETHER, LET'S PRAY!



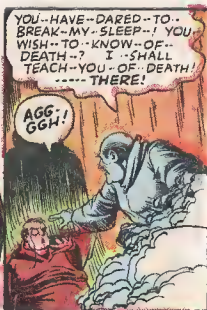




I...HAVE--COME----WHAT--IS--
IT...YOU--WISH---OF---ME...?
SPEAK, ---BROTHERS---OF---
YESTERYEAR!...



OH!--IT IS MARTIN
BRAND! ---TELL US
OF THE SECRETS OF
LIFE AND DEATH,
MARTIN! TELL
US!



YOU--HAVE--DARED--TO--
BREAK--MY--SLEEP--! YOU--
WISH--TO--KNOW--OF--
DEATH--? I --SHALL
TEACH--YOU--OF--DEATH!
-----THERE!

AGG!
GGH!



STOP!
ENOUGH!

YOU--INTERRUPT!
YOU--DARE? YOU--
SHALL--FEEL--MY--
STING!

G-A-A:
AHH!



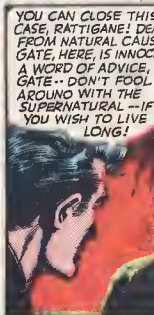
BEG PARDON! --BUT
YOU SHALL FEEL A
STING-- FROM MY
DISINTEGRATOR--
GO!



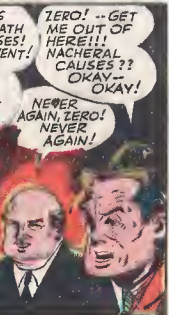
GO!!
DEPART!!!

STANDIN' GUARD OUTSIDE,
I HOID A SCREAM! --UP
WITH 'EM, EVERYBODY--
OR I'LL -----WOW!
A-A-A--G-GHOST!

HE'S
DISAPPEARING!



YOU CAN CLOSE THIS
CASE, RATTIGANE! DEATH
FROM NATURAL CAUSES!
GATE, HERE, IS INNOCENT!
A WORD OF ADVICE,
GATE-- DON'T FOOL
AROUND WITH THE
SUPERNATURAL --IF
YOU WISH TO LIVE
LONG!



ZERO! --GET
ME OUT OF
HERE!!!
NACHERAL
CAUSES??
OKAY--
OKAY!

NEVER
AGAIN, ZERO!
NEVER
AGAIN!

BESIDES LEADING A BAND, SWING SISSON LEADS A LIFE OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT. WITH THE AID OF TOBY TUCKER, SAX PLAYER, AND BONNIE BAXTER, VOCALIST, HE IS ALWAYS ABLE TO HANDLE THE SITUATION. BUT A NEW MENACE CONFRONTS SWING NOW... WHEN HE DISCOVERS HIMSELF TO BE *TWINS*....



SWING SISSON

by PHIL MARTIN

AT THE CLOVER CLUB A BAND REHEARSAL IS IN PROGRESS...



ALL RIGHT! STOP PLAYING! THIS IS THE WORST I'VE HEARD! CAN'T YOU GET ANYTHING RIGHT?

...AND ANOTHER THING... I DON'T WANT ANY MORE BEEFING ABOUT THE TUNES I SELECT! WHETHER *YOU* THINK THE MUSIC IS APPROPRIATE OR NOT, YOU'LL PLAY WHAT I TELL YOU!! THAT'S ALL--- REHEARSAL IS OVER!!



GOSH, BONNIE! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO SWING? I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM ACT SO GROUCHY!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, TOBY! WHY, HE DOESN'T ACT LIKE THE SAME PERSON!



MEANWHILE...MANY MILES AWAY...

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THAT YOU WILL SOON KNOW!!



BUT I MUST GET BACK TO THE CLOVER CLUB...I..

HA! YOU WILL BE NEEDED NO LONGER AT DER CLOVER CLUB. OUR LEADER HAS TAKEN YOUR PLACE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, SVING SISSON, DOT HE IS IMPERSONATING YOU UND LEADING DER BAND AT DER CLUB!



FOR DER PAST SIX MONTHS HE HAS BEEN STUDYING RECORDINGS OF YOUR VOICE... UNTIL HE CAN SPEAK EGZACTLY AS YOU! UND MIT A BIT OF PLASTIC SURGERY UND A WIG HE LOOKS LIKE YOU!

AT A CLIFF EDGE THE NAZIS HALT...

BIND HIM VELL, FRITZ. I VILL TELL YOU, HERR SISSON. VE HAVE WORKED OUT A CODE VITH **SONG TITLES**. EACH TUNE MEANS SOMETHING!

BUT, WHY...?



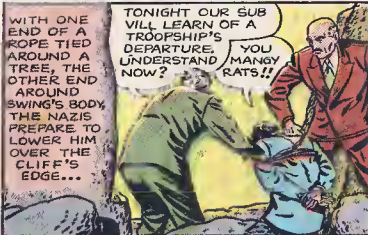
VE HAVE A SUBMARINE VAITING OFF DER COAST... UND IN YOUR RADIO BROADCAST EACH NIGHT FROM DER CLOVER CLUB VE CAN GIFF INFORMATION TO DER SUB!



WITH ONE END OF A ROPE TIED AROUND A TREE, THE OTHER END AROUND SVING'S BODY, THE NAZIS PREPARE TO LOWER HIM OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE...

TONIGHT OUR SUB VILL LEARN OF A TROOPSHIP'S DEPARTURE. UNDERSTAND NOW?

YOU MANDY RATS!!



GOOD-BY, SVING SISSON! DDN'T GET TOO PLAYFUL MIT DER VULTURES!

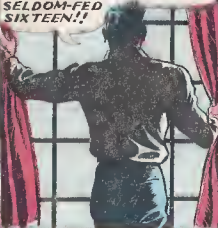


BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB THE
FAKE SWING SISSON STUDIES
A CODE BOOK.

HMMM! THE
SONG MEANING **TROOPSHIP**
IS "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET".
WE'LL PLAY THAT FIRST. AND
THE SHIP LEAVES AT 8:00
O'CLOCK...SO OUR SECOND
TUNE WILL BE "GOTTA DATE
AT EIGHT".
THEN...LET'S
SEE.....



HA-HA-HA-HA! THIS IS
PRETTY CLEVER. BUT WITH
THESE OUT-OF-DATE TUNES
WE'RE PLAYING, THIS BAND
WILL SOON BE KNOWN AS
**SWING SISSON AND HIS
SELDOM-FED
SIXTEEN!!**



AW NUTS! GET
READY TO DIG
OUT SOME **OLD**
ARRANGEMENTS,
FELLOWS!

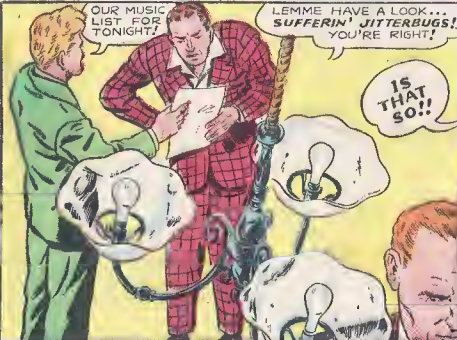
WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
TOBY?



OUR MUSIC
LIST FOR
TONIGHT!

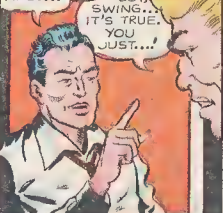
LEMME HAVE A LOOK...
SUFFERIN' JITTERBUGS!
YOU'RE RIGHT!

IS
THAT
SO!!



I HEARD ALL THAT, TOBY, AND
I'M SICK OF HEARING YOU
TRY TO STIR UP TROUBLE!
WELL, IT'S NONE OF YOUR
BUSINESS HOW I RUN
THINGS...ONE MORE WORD
OUTTA YOU
AND....

BUT,
SWING...
IT'S TRUE.
YOU
JUST...



IN TOBY'S HOTEL ROOM...

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH! YOU'RE
THROUGH! AFTER THE BROAD-
CAST TONIGHT YOU CAN GET
YOUR STUFF AND CLEAR
OUT!!



SWING, MY PAL, HIT ME! AFTER
ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH
...AFTER ALL THE
THUGS WE'VE
MOPPED UP
TOGETHER...
AND NOW I'M
FIRED...!!!??



IF THAT'S THE WAY HE
FEELS, I'LL LEAVE RIGHT
AFTER THE BROADCAST.
MY OLD PAL...I'D NEVER
HAVE BELIEVED IT!!



WITH MY HANDS TIED
BEHIND ME I HAVEN'T
A CHANCE!



WATER...DRIPPING
FROM THAT LEDGE!



YOU CAN GET A RING
OFF BY WETTING
YOUR FINGER....
MAYBE IF I CAN
JUST GET MY HANDS
AND THE ROPE WET....



FOR HOURS SWING HANGS,
STRUGGLING AS THE
MOUNTAIN WATER TRICKLES
OVER HIS BONDS....



FINALLY HE WORKS HIS
HANDS FREE...



THERE!
SO FAR,
SO GOOD!

THERE'S GONNA BE
A HOT TIME IN
THE CLOVER CLUB
TONIGHT....IF
MY LUCK HOLDS!



I...I DON'T...
BELIEVE I CAN...
MAKE IT...!



THE TIME
FOR THE
BROADCAST
ARRIVES...



PRESENTING... SWING SISSON
AND HIS ORCHESTRA...

SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST...
IN A NAZI SUBMARINE...



ISS DER BROADCAST
COMING IN CLEARLY?

YESS, HERR
COMMANDER! VE
VILL HAVE TONIGHT'S
MESSAGE SOON!

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES ELAPSE
...THE BROADCAST IS NEARLY
OVER...

AND NOW OUR
LAST TUNE ON THE PROGRAM
...A VOCAL BY BONNIE
BAXTER! THE BAND
PLAYS "GET OUT
OF TOWN".



THE REAL SWING BURSTS IN!

YOU'D BETTER **DO** IT, INSTEAD
OF **PLAY** IT, YOU NAZI!



HEY! I'M SEEN' DOUBLE!
NO, WAIT! THIS MUST
REALLY BE **SWING**...AND
THE OTHER'S A **FAKE**!!



SWING
MEETS
SWING
IN
BATTLE!



NOT CROWDING YOU,
AM I...

YOU
FAKER...



WHO'S A FAKER? I'LL SIGN
YOU OFF RIGHT NOW!



FOLKS, YOU'RE LISTENING TO A
DISCRPTION OF THE STRANGEST
FIGHT IN HISTORY! **SWING** LANDS
ANOTHER BLOW TO THE HEAD BUT
RECEIVES AN UPPERCUT FROM **SWING**!!
SWING HITS...I MEAN **SWING IS** HIT...
..I MEAN.....!!



I'M GONNA CLOUT THAT
FRAUD ON THE
NOGGIN!!

BUT,
TOBY! YOU
MAY HIT
THE WRONG
ONE!!



THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN
IT DOES YOU! I'LL HAVE
TO HAVE A NEW
SAX....

THANKS,
FELLA....



SWING TELLS THE STORY
OF HIS KIDNAPPING....

...SO BY GETTING MY HANDS
WET, I FINALLY WORKED THE
THE ROPES LOOSE. I HITCH-
HIKED INTO TOWN AND
TELEPHONED ARMY
INTELLIGENCE
HEADQUARTERS.
THEY SAID THEY'D
SEND UP SOME
BOMBERS AT
ONCE!



BUT, TOBY---HOW DID
YOU KNOW WHICH
ONE TO HIT...



AND HOW DO WE KNOW
THAT THIS IS REALLY
SWING AND NOT
THAT NASTY NAZI??



EASY, BONNIE! LOOK....
SWING'S SLEEVES ARE
STILL SOAKING WET. AND
THERE'S HIS RING BESIDES!

GOOD
HEADWORK,
TOBY!



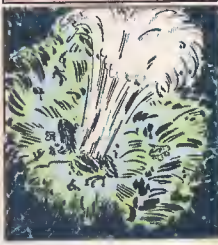
AS FURTHER PROOF...JUST OFF
THE COAST...

SEE
ANYTHING
YET?

YEP, THERE'S
THE SUB...
RIGHT BELOW
US, BOB! LET
GO WITH ONE
OF THOSE
BOMBS!



AND THIS STORY IS
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE
BY ONE WELL-AIMED
BOMB THAT DEMOLISHES
THE NAZI SUBMARINE!



WATCH FOR
SWING SISSON
NEXT MONTH
WHEN YVONNE,
THE BEAUTIFUL
GIRL GANGSTER,
RETURNS WITH
A NEW
RING OF
ROGUES!!

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

TWO MILES outside the city limits the Bascom House stood in a litter of weeds and untrimmed apple trees. It was a garish example of the architect's art—three stories of eye-hurting ugliness; a slate roof covering some fifteen enormous rooms. Below these a dank basement with bins and coal chutes served as a playground for huge rats.

Immediately behind the house, on a slight rise, was the ancient Bascom cemetery, where every last one of the strange family lay moulding under moss-covered headstones. Just when the Bascom House had been built, nobody in the town knew; but it was more than a hundred years old, and it had a dark history.

Elias Bascom had built his fortune with hides, which he exported to Europe. He had drowned, after toppling into the uncovered well near the house, some time about 1860. Benjamin, his eldest son, had been shot in a duel twenty years later. Another brother, Henry, had been stabbed to death by a prowler in his bedroom, and his body lay with the rest in the old graveyard.

There had been two sisters—Elissa and Amanda. The former had gone insane when only fifteen and had been shut up in her room for thirty years, a howling creature more animal than human. Amanda drank poison after being jilted in love.

There had been no children by any of these Bascoms, so that when the last one died, the family clan died out. Where the estate went to, nobody knew. The old house just stood there, a horrible reminder of a tragic family, and rotted in the elements.

It is natural to assume then that the Bascom House was "haunted." A lonely road pass-

ed it about a quarter-mile away. But nobody ever visited the place. Everybody feared it somehow. There had been strange things seen and heard about the place: flickering lights in the paneless windows on stormy nights; shriekings and gurgling groans emanating from the dank cellar on dark evenings.

So every resident of the town gave it wide berth. Everyone said it was "haunted."

It was to this weird house that Dr. Roberts, famous scientist, and his daughter, Martha, came one summer evening on a tour of inspection. Dr. Roberts wanted an isolated place to conduct some secret experimentation for the Government, and the Bascom House looked like just the ticket.

"What do you think, Martha?" he said to his daughter. "Pretty spooky looking place, isn't it?"

Martha shivered. "Gives me the creeps just to look at it, Dad."

"But it should be fine for my purpose, honey. Certainly nobody will bother me here. And then Darrell will be out often to see you."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Dad. I'm not afraid of ghosts. I'd rather like to see one of these shades of the old Bascoms."

The next day Dr. Roberts had a large van move his equipment into the house, in one of the upstairs rooms, and quickly he set up his laboratory. Two other rooms adjoining he had cleaned up for Martha and himself. He had to hire help from another city to do the work; nobody in the town would venture near the place.

Darrell Dane, young scientist of note, and a clever criminolo-

gist on the side, was studying an oblong of green paper under a powerful microscope. He had been studying such oblongs for several days, trying to make up his mind about them. This one was different from the others, of that he was certain. The silk threads were curled in an opposite manner, and the serial numbers were not the same distance from the margins.

"Phoney, all right, Chief," he said after a long hesitation. "At least this one is." He held out the strip of green paper, which happened to be a ten-dollar bill.

Chief Eckert took the bill and looked at it closely. He shook his head. "I don't know, Darrell. I tell you government experts are stumped—But you say it is phoney; that's good enough for me. Now, where's it coming from?"

That question had been puzzling FBI officials for months. A terrific deluge of counterfeit currency in large denomination notes. Almost every suspect in the nation had been rounded up—and turned loose. Several small counterfeiters had been grabbed and sent up. But none of these were capable of turning out such "authentic" looking phoney as were now appearing everywhere.

"If we just knew where to start out," said the chief. "I have the feeling the plant is not far away—not in Mexico, or Canada—"

"No. It's right in this state, Chief. These notes are too fresh to have been shipped far—even by plane. I've tested the colors on that one; they're not more than ten hours old."

The chief said, "I don't remember counterfeiters operating in Maine before."

"That's all the more reason why they should pick Maine."

Darrell told him. "Well, I'm going to see if we can't work out a scheme to trap 'em."

Dr. Roberts worked late in his lab that first night. At two o'clock he turned in. At about three, Martha awakened. Something—some sound—had brought her out of a heavy sleep. She sat up in bed. Pale moonlight streamed in the window. A bat flickered across the panes and at last lit on the ledge, clicking its teeth. Martha shivered.

Then the sound came again. A low rumbling, like a heavy wagon being drawn over cobblestones. The sound made the old house vibrate slightly. Martha slid out of bed, crossed the room and opened the door to her father's room.

"Dad!" she whispered. "Dad, wake up!"

Dr. Roberts stirred. "What is it, child?"

"Listen." They both held their breath. There was no sound. Martha related the happening. Dr. Roberts chuckled softly.

"Imagination, Martha. This is a 'haunted' house, you remember. Now go back to sleep, honey."

Martha returned to her room, but she didn't go to bed. Intuition. She walked out into the long hall and listened. They had explored all the rooms the day before; there was nothing in them. Martha had reached the end of the hall when a slight clicking sound made her whirl. Something closed over her throat and her head was muffled in a dark cloak. She tried to scream, but the band about her neck shut off her wind. She was lifted, carried a long ways.

"Now you," said a gruff voice. The cover was yanked off her head. Martha stood in a large cavern. Her captor was a burly fellow with an evil face. She saw two men working at a brilliantly lighted bench—and stacks of green paper were piled at one end of the bench. A

small printing machine was in operation.

"W-where am I?" she quavered. She drew the flimsy negligee about her. Her captor grinned.

"Baby, don't worry where you are. You'll never leave it again—not while Slack Harlan is runnin' this little business!" The man reached out for her and Martha screamed.

Darrell had made the rounds of the printing ink supply houses. At last, in Massachusetts, he had run into the one he thought might be supplying the counterfeiters with ink. In the guise of a salesman, he got into the back of the establishment and it was not long before he found a large crate of green ink that was marked for shipment to "Gravesport, Maine."

"That's it," he said to himself. "Now we'll see what we'll see." Looking around quickly, he then made a strange and startling transformation . . .

A half hour later the crate of ink was aboard a transport plane flying north. And that evening, a small truck hauled it out to a deserted house on the outskirts of town. Backing up to a clump of bushes two hundred yards in back of the house, the crate was unloaded and carried down a dark tunnel . . .

Dr. Roberts got up early and tapped on his daughter's door. No answer. He opened it and stepped inside. Martha was gone!

"Martha! Martha!" called the doctor frantically.

What puzzled the doctor most was the fact that Martha had worn no clothes; only a negligee. He knew that by looking in the closet.

Beside himself with worry, he rushed into town and called Darrell Dane's office. He was informed that Darrell had been absent all day and night . . .

Before the crate of ink had been placed on the floor of the cavern, a tiny figure hardly a foot in height had leaped from

it and dashed to a dark corner. The Doll Man!

In a single glance he took in the whole thing: the counterfeit machine, the greenbacks, the engraving slab and, huddled in a corner across the cavern, Martha! The Doll Man whipped a tiny vial out of his belt and crashed it on the floor. Thin vapors writhed upward. He held his breath and watched the three counterfeiters topple to the floor. Martha too, wide eyes staring at him, crumpled in a stupor, brought on by the quick-acting gas in the vial.

Then the Doll Man made a rapid transformation. Once again he was Darrell Dane. He tied up the counterfeiters and then gathered Martha up in his arms. There was an open door at one side of the cavern. He strode to it and up a rickety flight of stairs, Martha limp in his arms.

At the top he found a catch and a moment later a panel slid back, revealing a long hall. Dr. Roberts was pacing the hall in a frenzy. He looked at Darrell like he had seen a ghost.

"Martha!" he cried. "Darrell!" He rushed forward.

"She's all right. Got a whiff of gas," said Darrell. He laid Martha in the doctor's arms and turned to the open panel. There was sound below. Darrell nodded.

"I guess the boys are stirring. I'll have to dash to town and phone the FBI and Chief Eckert," he said. Then he told Dr. Roberts what had happened.

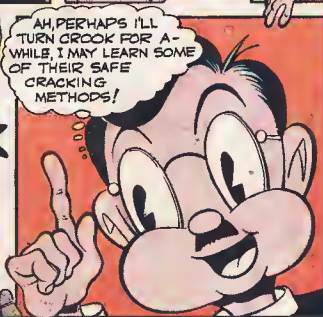
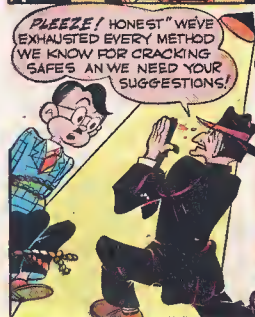
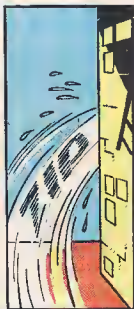
Martha stirred and opened her eyes. She looked at Darrell. "Oh, Darrell, the most awful—"

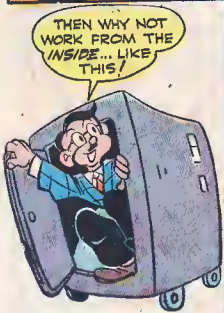
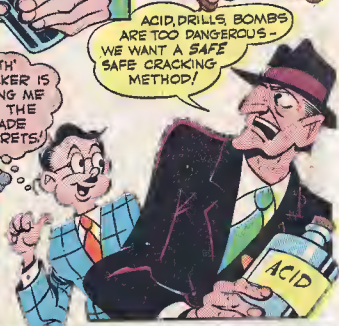
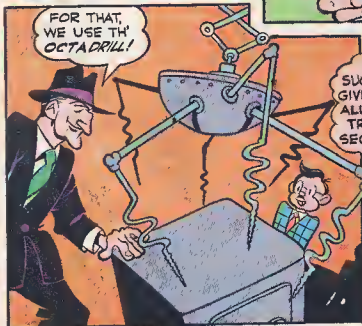
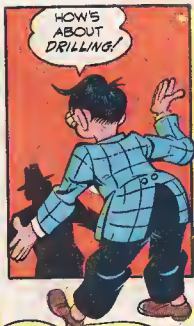
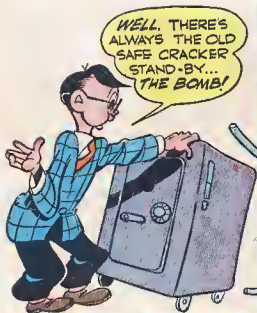
Darrell patted her golden head. "It's all right, Martha," he said soothingly. "I got 'em."

"But Darrell," she said, "I don't understand. The Doll Man suddenly appeared and threw a glass vial to the floor. That's when I passed out."

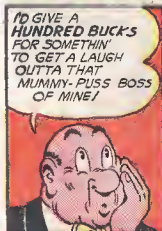
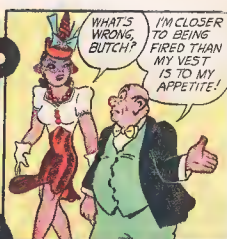
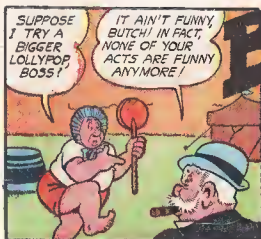
Darrell grinned and winked at Dr. Roberts.

"That's when I came in," said he.

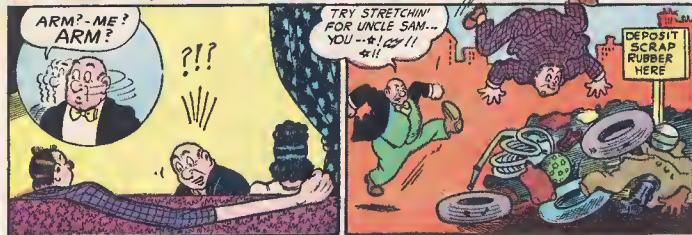
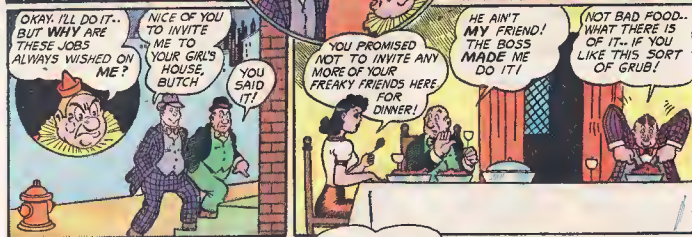
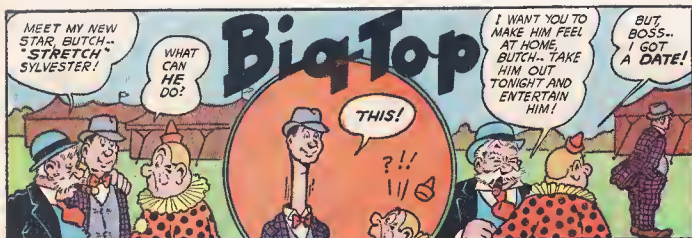




Big Top



Big Top



RUSTY RYAN

and The
**BOYVILLE
BRIGADIERS**

TSNIFF!...TSNIFF! MY
POOR LITTLE AIRPLANE...
IT'S BROKEN!... SHATTERED INTO
BITS... SCATTERED NEAR AND FAR
OVER THIS JUNGLE ISLAND IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC! TSNIFF...TSNIFF!
IT'S AWFUL!... JUST THINK!... MY
MEN SPENT SIX MONTHS PUTTING
IT TOGETHER FROM PARTS OF A
DOZEN WRECKED PLANES THAT
WE PICKED UP ON THE BATTLE-
FIELDS OF NORTH AFRICA!
TSNIFF!... I COULD CRY WHEN
I THINK OF THE HOURS IT
CHUGGED AND SPUTTERED
TO BRING US HERE! IT WAS
SUCH A NICE AIRPLANE...
EVEN IF IT BROUGHT US
HERE BY MISTAKE
INSTEAD OF TO
THE UNITED
STATES!



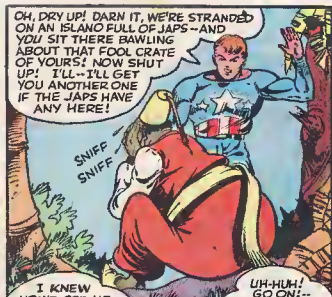
**MORE
COMMANDO
TACTICS**

SOMETHING
EVERY BOY
SHOULD
KNOW!



FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, ALABAMA-- WE WERE OUT OF GAS -- I HAD TO LAND EVEN IF IT DID MEAN WRECKING YOUR PLANE!

SSNIFF-- IT'S GONE-- I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER O O

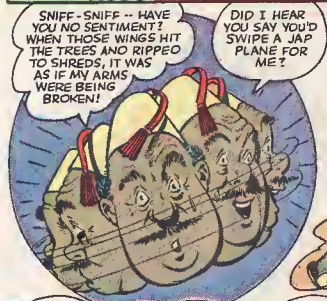


OH, DRY UP! DARN IT, WE'RE STRANDED ON AN ISLAND FULL OF JAPS -- AND YOU SIT THERE BAWLING ABOUT THAT FOOL CRATE OF YOURS! NOW SHUT UP! I'LL -- I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER ONE IF THE JAPS HAVE ANY HERE!

SNIFF
SNIFF

I KNEW YOU'D GET ME ANOTHER! PICK OUT ONE WITH A LITTLE PEP IN IT! YOU KNOW -- A 16-CYLINDER JOB! -- HUH?

UH-HUH! GO ON! -- WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT SENTIMENT FOR THE CRATE YOU HAD?



SNIFF -- SNIFF -- HAVE YOU NO SENTIMENT? WHEN THOSE WINGS HIT THE TREES AND RIPPED TO SHREDS, IT WAS AS IF MY ARMS WERE BEING BROKEN!

DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU'D SWIPE A JAP PLANE FOR ME?



YOU PHONEY! I OUGHT TO BOP YOU ONE!

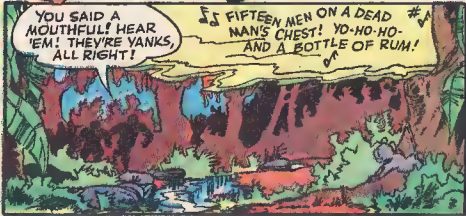
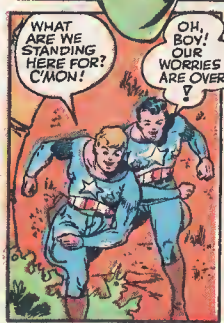
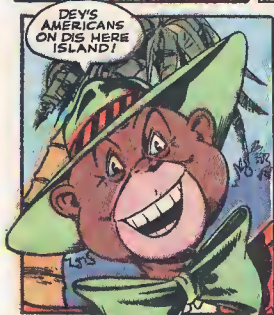
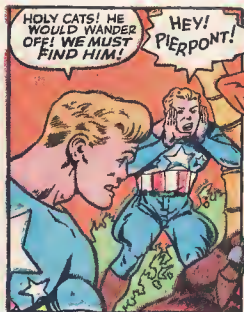
SO YOU JUST WANTED US TO SAY WE'D GET YOU ANOTHER PLANE, EH?

N-NOW, BOYS-- I-LET'S NOT BE TRIVIAL! I B-BRUISE EASILY-- BUT I HEAL FASTER!



OKAY! AND NOW THAT WE'RE ALL TOGETHER -- LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TOGETHER TO GET RID OF THE JAPS ON THIS ISLAND!

RUSTY! -- WE'RE NOT ALL HERE! PIERPONT LEE'S GONE!





I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF THEM!

HEY, YANKS! --WHERE ARE YOU?

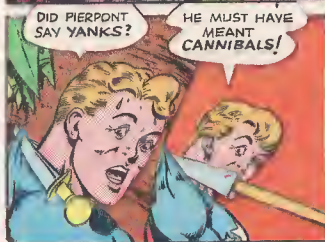
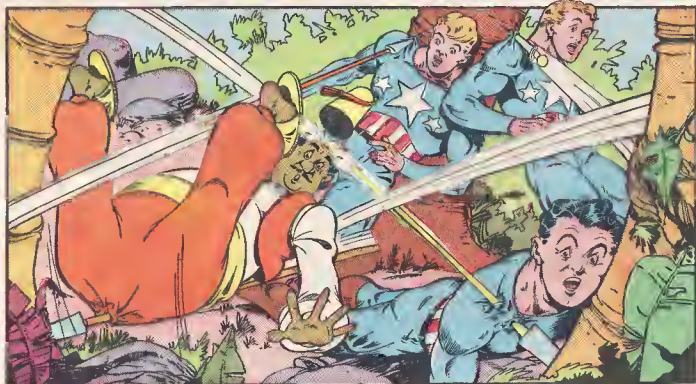


MISTAH RUSTY! TH' SINGIN'S DONE STOPPED!

I GUESS I SURPRISED THEM WHEN I YELLED! THEY'LL PROBABLY BE OUT IN A MINUTE TO SEE WHO IT WAS!

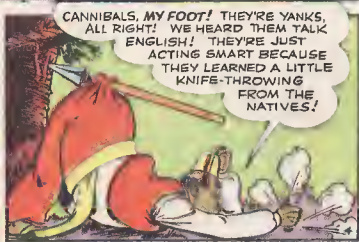


A SHORT SECOND LATER... SOMETHING COMES OUT OF THE JUNGLE THICKNESS -- BUT IT ISN'T A YANK!

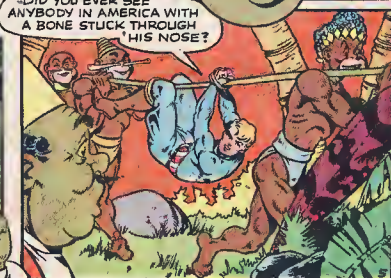
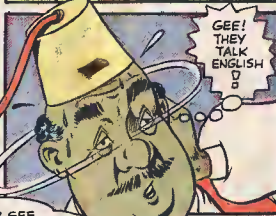
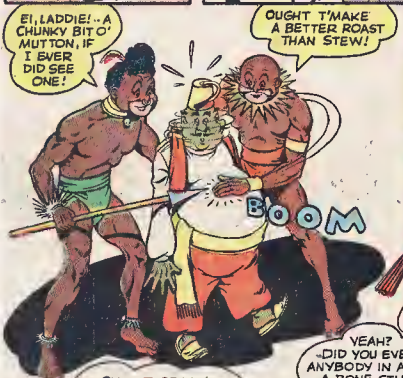


DID PIERPONT SAY YANKS?

HE MUST HAVE MEANT CANNIBALS!



CANNIBALS, MY FOOT! THEY'RE YANKS, ALL RIGHT! WE HEARD THEM TALK ENGLISH! THEY'RE JUST ACTING SMART BECAUSE THEY LEARNED A LITTLE KNIFE-THROWING FROM THE NATIVES!





WELL--GULP--ONLY
IN A CIRCUS! GULP!
B-BUT HOW COME
THEY SPEAK
ENGLISH?

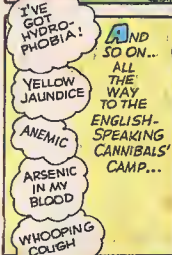
I'LL BE
HANGED
IF I
KNOW!



BACK T'PORT, LADS!
SET TH' BOW A LITTLE
NOR' BY NOR' EAST!

ER--ER--
WOULDN'T
WANT MY
"B" GASOLINE
BOOK,
WOULD YOU?
GULP!

B'-BOYS --I-I
WOULDN'T TASTE
VERY GOOD! --I'VE
BEEN REJECTED
BY THE ARMY! --
I'M NOT EVEN
FIT TO BE MADE
INTO DOG
FOOD!



I'VE
GOT
HYDRO-
PHOBIA!

YELLOW
JAUNDICE

ANEMIC

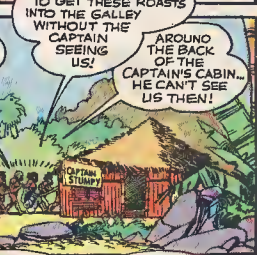
ARSENIC
IN MY
BLOOD

WHOOPIG
COUGH

AND
SO ON...
ALL
THE
WAY TO THE
ENGLISH-
SPEAKING
CANNIBALS'
CAMP...



B BOYS --I'VE A WIFE --
AND NINE CHILDREN
AT HOME -- Y-YOU'LL BE MAKING
ORPHANTS OF
THEM!



EASY GOES IT,
LADS -- WE HAVE
TO GET THESE ROASTS
INTO THE GALLEY
WITHOUT THE
CAPTAIN
SEEING
US!

AROUND
THE BACK OF
THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN...
HE CAN'T SEE
US THEN!



SNEAKING AROUND
TH' BACK O' MY CABIN
AGAIN! WHO'VE YOU
GOT FOR THE FIRE
THIS TIME?

SHHH-
HHH!



TH' CAPTAIN!
HE MUST HAVE
HEARD US!

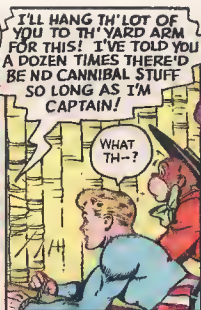
SCATTER, LAOS...
HE'S COMING
BACK HERE!

BUMP



THIS IS WHAT I CALL BEING "SAVED BY THE BELL!"

DON'T COUNT ON THAT! -- I'VE HEARD THE LEADER OF CANNIBAL TRIBES IS USUALLY THE TOUGHEST ONE OF THE LOT!



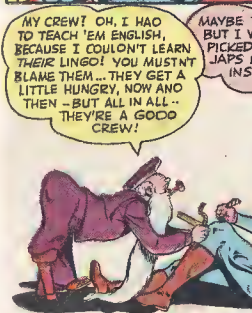
I'LL HANG TH' LOT OF YOU TO TH' YARD ARM FOR THIS! I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES THERE'D BE NO CANNIBAL STUFF SO LONG AS I'M CAPTAIN!

WHAT TH--?



WELL-- BUST MY PEG-LEG AN' CALL ME "STUMPY"! ... WHITE MEN!

AN OLD TIME SAILOR! SO THAT'S WHY THEY SPEAK ENGLISH LIKE SAILORS!



MY CREW! OH, I HAO TO TEACH 'EM ENGLISH, BECAUSE I COULDN'T LEARN THEIR LINGO! YOU MUSTN'T BLAME THEM... THEY GET A LITTLE HUNGRY, NOW AND THEN -- BUT ALL IN ALL -- THEY'RE A GOODO CREW!

MAYBE THEY ARE -- BUT I WISH THEY HAO PICKED ON A FEW JAPS FOR LUNCH -- INSTEAD OF US!



BLAST IT -- YOU'RE RIGHT, LADS! THOSE @%:~#@@!! NIPS HAVE GIVEN ME MORE TROUBLE LATELY THAN THE WORST SQUALL AROUND THE HORN EVER DID!



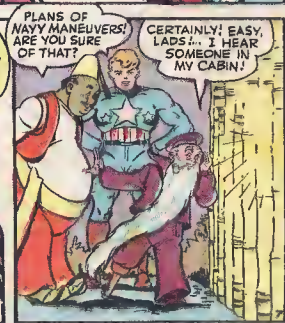
THAT'S BECAUSE WERE AT WAR WITH 'EM!



SO THAT'S WHY I'VE HAD TO KICK 'EM OUT SO MANY TIMES -- FOR TRYING TO SWIPE MY PLANS!

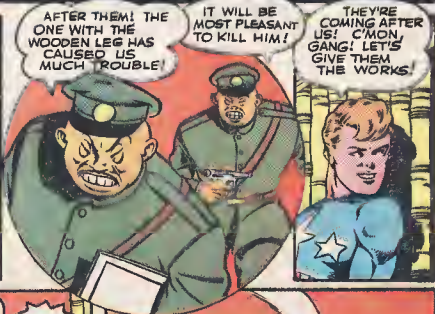
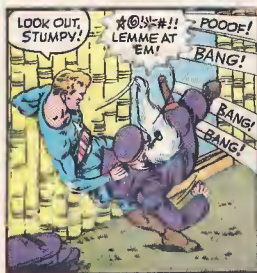
PLANS? -- WHAT PLANS?

THE PLANS THAT THE ADMIRAL LAID OUT FOR THE MOVEMENTS OF THE WHOLE U.S. FLEET! FUNNY YOU DIDN'T KNOW I HAD THEM -- EVERYBODY ELSE ON THE ISLANDS HERE KNOWS ABOUT IT!



PLANS OF NAVY MANEUVERS! ARE YOU SURE OF THAT?

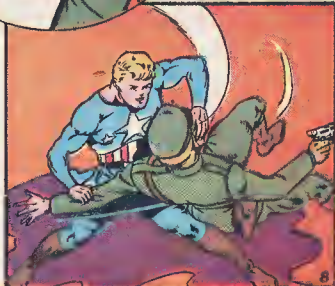
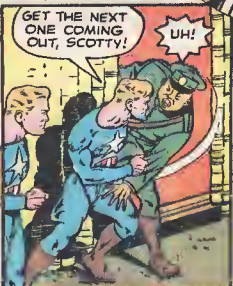
CERTAINLY! EASY, LADS!... I HEAR SOMEONE IN MY CABIN!



WATCH CLOSELY!

COMMANDO TACTICS

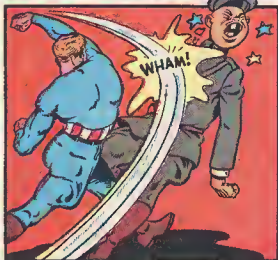
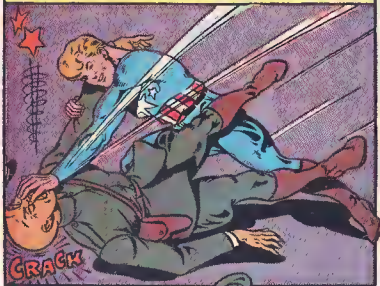
COMING UP!



FACING YOUR OPPONENT, GRAB HIS LEFT ARM AND PULL HIM TOWARD YOU... THEREBY TURNING HIM AROUND..

THEN EXTEND YOUR LEFT LEG OUT UNDER HIM TO THROW HIM OFF BALANCE AND AT THE SAME TIME BRING YOUR LEFT HAND UP TO HIS CHIN AND PUSH HIM OVER BACKWARD!...

IF IT'S A JAP YOU'RE HANDLING, PUT ALL YOUR POWER BEHIND YOUR LEFT ARM, PUSH, AND SEND HIS HEAD CRASHING TO THE GROUND! IF THIS DOESN'T CRACK HIS SKULL, IT WILL AT LEAST KNOCK HIM OUT!



WELL...
THAT'S
"STUMPY!"
--AND
WE'LL
SEE
MORE
OF HIM
NEXT
MONTH
IN
*Feature
Comics*
!

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